




IN DEFERENCE TO THE EXPRESSED WISH OF MRS. INGALLS THERE WILL BE NO FORMAL MEMOIR OF HER. WHILE HER LIFE WAS SO FULL AND REMARKABLE THAT A WORTHY BIOGRAPHY WOULD BE MOST INTERESTING, WE MUST CONTENT OURSELVES WITH THIS BRIEF SKETCH, OF WHICH A LIMITED EDITION IS ISSUED FOR THE FRIENDS WHO LOVED HER AND AIDED IN HER WORK

# By the Banyan Tree

In Memory of

Marilla Baker Ingalls

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American Baptist Missionary Union  
Boston, Mass.

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Singing for Jesus, telling his love  
All the way to our home above,  
Where the severing sea, with its restless tide,  
Never shall hinder, and never divide.  
Sister, what will our meeting be,  
Where our hearts shall sing, and our eyes  
shall see!

— *Havergal.*



## Part One

Taught by the Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them.

— *Goldsmith.*



## By the Banyan Tree



It is warm and fragrant on the shady porch where an old man sits with hands crossed on the walking-stick between his knees. Bright-eyed sunbeams like fairies peep through the leaves and rest on the thin white hair. Up through the old-fashioned garden comes a gentle breeze from the south, laden with messages from the nodding roses and spicy pinks, the lavender and thyme. The white face and sightless eyes are slowly lifted to receive the fragrant greeting, and, as if in token of gratitude, a thin old hand is passed gently over the smooth coat of the gray cat sleeping at his side, and an affectionate pat given the great dog dozing at his feet.

¶ Above the booming of the bumblebees in the garden comes the sound of childish voices and bubbling laughter. On they come—those children—panting, rushing to bring their offerings to the patient waiter on the porch. There are sweet apples from the orchard, juicy berries that have ripened on the wall and stained the little palms that held them; and here is a bunch of the sweet clover that grows by the roadside.

¶ “Come, grandfather, come with us and hear the birds sing down in the garden,” urge the happy children; and



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guided by their eager hands, the blind old clergyman wanders in the garden walks, and comes a little nearer to the friendly birds and blossoms.

¶ Having learned to accept affliction without complaint, he is unconsciously teaching his grandchildren the beautiful lesson of gentleness and love.

¶ Many times during the long summer days the little maid with laughing eyes and dancing curls draws her chair close to grandfather's side, and out of the great gilt-edged book reads over and over again rare words of promise, praise, and prayer. Thus early in life does the child, whom the old family Bible tells us is Marilla, daughter of Selah Baker and Sally, his wife, begin her chosen service of love.

¶ Above the Bible spread open before them two men are bending with anxious, puzzled faces. Patiently they turn the leaves in search of certain passages, as unmistakably hidden from their eyes as was ever that proverbial needle. There is no concordance to aid them, and who would think to find one in this bright-eyed child.

¶ "What are the verses, father?"

¶ The two men glance down at the mischievous lass of nine standing at her father's elbow.

¶ "Tell me the verses; I can find the ones you want." And confidently drawing her father's Bible toward her, the child quickly turns the pages and places a small finger on each passage in turn.

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¶ The Welsh minister glances at his host with a face in which defeat and honest joy must struggle for the mastery.

¶ "Ah, Brother Baker," he says, in broken accents, "that little girl will yet make a female preacher."

¶ And did the prophecy uttered ages before ring again in the heart of the father, "A little child shall lead them"?

¶ It is a Sunday morning in the little town of Westerlo. Along the dusty roads come the farmers' teams, depositing their loads at the old horse-block before the church. The women are greeting one another with sober, Sabbath smiles. The lads and lassies are awkwardly conscious of Sunday clothes. The older people are seated in the front, while the children find seats in the rear, and yet not beyond the ken of the white-haired deacon before the pulpit who faithfully scowls at them through his glasses; nor yet are they beyond the reach of the doorkeeper, who taps them smartly on the head when they grow a bit restless.

¶ But there is no need for such vigilance to-day. Far above them in the old high pulpit there stands a stranger, called a missionary, and before him on the desk is a little white idol from Burma. The children look, their elders listen; but one "little, sober, meeting lass" fastens brimming eyes on the heathen god, and looks and listens and does not forget.

¶ Eating doughnuts and apples in the shade of the country wagons between the services, she assures her

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childish hearers that if she were grown, she would go at once and tell those people that their idol was no god. Happy the missionary who sowed the seed in a childish heart that day, for surely it fell upon good ground, and yielded—who shall say how many hundredfold?

¶ Neither mission band nor farther lights nor woman's society was there to tend that tiny seed, sown in a heart brimming over with love and laughter and joyous life. As the years passed on no girl ever loved "a good time," a pretty dress or a tale of chivalry and romance more than Marilla Baker. But there were nights when, closing her chamber door on all the fun and frolic of the day, a young girl thoughtfully turned the leaves of the great "Bible book" lying on the light stand, and snuffing the candle, looked long at the pictures of the gods; and when she came to the picture of the idol that had spoken so strongly to the little child, she bowed her head in silence, and watered the seed with prayers and tears of pity for "the poor Burmans."

¶ To her stepfather's home in Wisconsin, there came one day a guest from over the sea, one Lovell Ingalls.

¶ A pleasant stir of expectancy filled the parsonage, and lighted the faces of the good pastor and his wife; but scant welcome did the stranger receive at the hands of the eldest daughter who had just returned after a long absence from home.

¶ "Why," she demanded, "should the parsonage just at this time be turned into a boarding house for missionaries?"

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¶ "But he comes from Burma, my daughter," her mother vainly sought to explain.

¶ He was a quiet man, that missionary, with a grave and gentle face. She forgave him.

¶ He read with her and told her stories of the land and people of his adoption. She thought of the young wife and two little children whom he had buried in that far-off land. She pitied him.

¶ He opened his heart still more, and she caught a glimpse of the battle-scarred and Christlike spirit that dwelt within. She loved him.

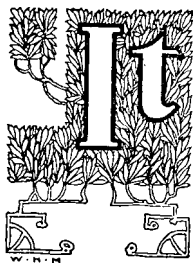


## Part Two

My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free ;  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And he will walk with me.

— *A. L. Waring.*





is the happy season of holly berries and mistletoe in the year 1850.

¶ All over Christendom little children are rehearsing their carols and impatiently telling each other that there are yet two days till Christmas with all its delightful mystery. But, as if the season did not bring enough joy of its own, a wedding party is gathered in the parsonage parlor.

¶ She is such a girl in face and years, standing before her stepfather pastor and struggling bravely with a troublesome little mist, while she steadfastly looks in his kindly eyes as he pronounces her Lovell Ingalls' wife.

¶ But to Sally Tremain, watching the ceremony with a doubtful heart, this is far from being a suitable marriage.

¶ Marilla, her daughter, whose dancing feet are never still, whose merry laugh is never quiet! Marilla, with the sparkling eyes, the nodding curls, the quick retort! Marilla, with all her love of a dainty dress, a feather, a flower, crying her heart out over a favorite novel and throwing all responsibility and care to the winds!

¶ Marilla the willful, married to a missionary twenty years her senior, and facing the unknown future with liveliest expectation.



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¶ Where was the careful pondering, the anxious self-searching, the prayerful preparation of a grave and quiet mind, that should not only precede, but accompany such a step? "Surely not in my daughter Marilla," said the mother, for whom that far-away Sunday in the Westerlo church had no special significance, and who through all these years had never been present at those tender missionary meetings of one with God, beyond her daughter's chamber door.

¶ But the missionary, who had known both joy and anguish in his service, knew far better than her mother could the value of a brave and buoyant heart.

¶ Far away in the home land the church bells are chiming and the little children singing, but in the city of Akyab no Sabbath bell stirs the air; the streets are thronged with children and dogs, each equally indifferent to the advantages of dress.

¶ Waiting in the mission chapel stands the missionary's wife. Slowly the children are gathering; for despite the reviling of their comrades out on the streets, when once the "mamma" with the beautiful white face has looked down into their little brown ones, who can resist her smile? But to enter the "white mamma's" Sunday school, one is expected to wear clothes of some sort, and clean at that.

¶ Here is a quaint little object clad in a dress of her mother's, borrowed for the occasion. Down in the front row, bless her, sits a little bright-eyed brownie,

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pleased enough with her Sunday toilet. Jacket she has none, but a half dozen strings of beads, the loan of an elder sister, are both suitable and elegant in her bright eyes. Not much on, to be sure, but beads and sunshine, yet when she goes back to her heathen home it is with the same little song stored away in her memory and bubbling up on her lips, that the little children are singing where the church bells ring.

¶ Now they have left the city behind, and to-day the missionary and his wife are in a jungle village, walking slowly up the street beneath the tamarind trees. Not alone, oh no, for the villagers have almost fallen into the water in their eagerness to welcome them as they left the boat.

¶ With an ever increasing group of men about him the missionary is teaching or distributing books and tracts to his hearers.

¶ About the "teacheress" a similar group of women is gathered. They have scrutinized her white face with utmost interest, and among themselves have declared her "very pretty." Her Bible woman has assured them that she is a "woman," too! Most wonderful! And her hands are white as well as her face; they are feeling and rubbing them carefully to see if she is painted. One examines her curls; another removes her combs, to see how and of what they are made; and while several are giving her dress most minute and careful attention, an old woman among their number objects vehemently when

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the "white mamma" offers as a reason for not allowing her stockings to be removed, that this is not the custom of her country, and she must ask their respect. The old woman protests loudly, however, that she will not show her feet because they are not painted white like her face and hands.

¶ When their curiosity is in a measure satisfied, it is the visitor's turn to ask a few questions.

¶ "Why," she says with grave interest, "do you place those flowers before your god? Does he take them in his hands to smell them? No? Oh, then perhaps he enjoys their bright colors. He cannot see. How singular; for my God, who made these flowers, not only can see them, but can see your very hearts and read your every thought. He sees every untruth and every evil desire hiding there, and he is very sorry; for he loves you, and if you cared and would ask him, he would make your heart as pure and white as the blossom in my hand. But if instead of loving Him you worship the wooden image yonder, he can do nothing for you, for he is the only God, and those who are true to him will serve no other."

¶ And will he make my baby well if I ask him?" queries an anxious young mother. "Will your God restore my sight if I worship him?" inquires a blind old woman.

¶ So the little child who cried in the Westerlo church because she could not tell the heathen that their idols

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were no gods, sits now for hours on the floor with no support for her back; and fighting the weariness and pain, tells them of the country where there is no more blindness, neither sickness nor death.

¶ Five years the missionary and his hopeful, happy wife have lived and loved together. He is tired and wan and very feeble to-day, but a smile of rarest joy and contentment lights his face, although they are saying a long farewell; for with clearer vision than ever before he sees the unbounded strength and courage in the heart of this little woman.

¶ "I am glad I have given my life to this people," he says, "and if God does not close up the way, work on, work on for the Burmans!"



## Part Three

Nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward.

— *J. Milton.*





FIVE days' wearisome travel up a crooked little stream, and three miles on blistering feet over the paddy fields; or, if you prefer, a journey of seventy or eighty miles in a jungle cart drawn by bullocks, lies between the grave of the missionary beneath the palms of Rangoon and the jungle village in the "robber district" of Thongze.

¶ The day is hot and still. The great banyan tree opposite the monastery invites the weary traveler to rest beneath its shade. Many are glad to do so to-day, but each in turn as he approaches removes his sandals, closes his umbrella, and reverently bows before the old tree with face to the ground in the attitude of worship; afterwards emptying his tray of rice at the foot of the tree as an offering.

¶ Sitting also in the grass beneath the tree, chatting with those who have performed their devotions, is a young woman with the white face of a foreigner. There is no other white face in the company, none in the village, nor indeed would you find one in many days' journey.

¶ How comes she here, and where is her home? one would naturally ask; and she would tell you with a merry laugh that her home was over yonder, pointing to



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a rough bamboo house of irregular shape, illy suited to this gentle woman. But "often in a wooden house a golden room you'll find," and once you had mounted the rude slab steps and entered her door you would find a sweet and quiet place, made beautiful by the deft touch of home-loving hands.

¶ Beneath the banyan tree the worshipers are gathering about the "white mamma," and are eagerly telling her the story of this grand old tree.

¶ It is more than a hundred years old, they assure her, and the great "nats" (spirits) have their headquarters in its branches. Surely she must understand that great sorrow and calamity would come upon them if they failed in reverence to these spirits and should neglect to present their offerings.

¶ In the monastery opposite an old Burman priest reclines among his cushions. He is blind, and feeble from lack of food. "Since the white teacheress has come," he mutters, "my best disciples have left me. I am starving, and being blind, I can no longer chase and beat them. What was it she told me the other day,—that her God had healed the blind? Ah, I hate this Jesus religion!" and the old man vehemently spits upon the floor in token of his scorn, and counts his rosary still faster.

¶ But what is this? The voices under the banyan tree have at last arrested his attention. Is it? Yes, that teacheress is telling the people that her good and holy God created the tree.

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¶ They have heard and seen him now, and gone quickly enough ; but one is coming up the steps, and a bright, cheery voice greets the old man in his loneliness.

¶ “ Let me tell you of my grandfather, who was blind,” she says ; and soon he is listening with intense interest to the story of the old clergyman ; and now he has called his boys, and pays close attention as they repeat again and again after the teacheress the words which, she tells them, she used to read to the blind grandfather until he could repeat them himself. “ But God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.”

¶ “ Ah, old banyan,” she says a little sadly, as she leaves the monastery and sees still others kneeling before the tree, “ you are a sad heathen yourself ! Some day, old tree, we must see these evil spirits cast out, and that will be a glad day for us all.”

¶ The months are slipping away, and the aged priest is passing, too. Many a dark hour the “ white mamma ” has brightened, and the English food which she has sometimes sent him has brought both strength and comfort. Her religion is not his ; notwithstanding, she has proved herself a sincere friend to the afflicted priest.

¶ “ She ought to have land of her own and a suitable house to live in.” The beads are slipping faster through his trembling fingers. “ Here is the monastery and all the ground, and I am going. I will call in witnesses and make it over.”

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¶ So "Mamma Ingalls" came into possession of land for the mission house, and found standing on her own estate the heathen banyan tree.

¶ Now, it is not in Thongze at all; but far away in the royal palace at Mandalay that we find this friend and favorite of prince and peasant, presenting the Burman queen with an English Bible containing the autograph of Queen Victoria, and telling again the wonderful story of Christ's love.

. . . . .

¶ In the early morning sun there is promise of a day of intense heat. The bullock cart slowly creeping over the paddy fields has been on the road since midnight. The occupants of the cart are hot and dusty, and oh, the tiresome jolting! but no word of complaint escapes the bright-faced "mamma;" only cheer for the others, and pity for the bullocks. The Burman girls who are with her, when the way is not too rough, are practicing the songs they will sing by and by. But there is little strength for song in this terrible heat.

¶ "Remember," the "mamma" is saying, "our text for the day is 'Sow beside all waters.'" The preachers who are walking behind the cart are quick to act, for before she has finished they have each taken a leaflet from the bamboo framework of their umbrellas, and one has placed his beneath a stone where a corner shows alluringly, and his companion has stuck his on the twig

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of a neighboring bush. So they travel on, singing as they go, "The morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears."

¶ At last they have reached the village and are glad to leave the cart for the rest house. They have been discovered; the people are coming—men, women and little children—to see the foreigner with the white face. Strange, it is not a man either, but a woman. All her company say so. She is a teacheress, too, and has something to tell them. They have carefully studied her dress. Now they will attend to her teaching. Ah, it is the foreign religion! Their dark faces are a study in expression. Indifference, curiosity and awakening interest are what the teacheress sees before her, while here and there is a face in which she reads a longing that stirs her heart to deeper tenderness and love.

¶ Here comes a priest from the monastery over the way. Fine scorn is written on every feature, but when he leaves, he carries concealed beneath his sacred yellow robe a little book. Just why he has taken it he cannot tell you; but the woman teacheress exercises a strange compelling power, combined with charming tact and rare enthusiasm. Some day, though he does not believe it now, after he has read her little book he will seek her himself to inquire further of this matter.

¶ The young man sitting on the rail of the "zayat" (rest house) has read the leaflet given him with absorbing interest; but apparently it has ended there, and the

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teacher mingles tears with her prayers when the day's work is done, and she thinks of that bright, intelligent face. Twenty years from now, with the shaven head and yellow robe of a priest, he will stand before her and humbly testify to his belief in the "Jesus religion."

¶ Through the cooler hours of the night an old man of that number who listened is hastening to his home in another village eager to tell his wife this story of salvation, saying over and over again that the white "mamma's" God loves the world. "So loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but"—and think of this for a future state—"have everlasting life," not as a dog, a beast, but with "Himself."

¶ As a result of one woman's faithful touring in that savage jungle, here and there a native church is springing up.

¶ Rare good use does "Mamma Ingalls" make of that trunk of sermons left by her clergyman stepfather, and brought back after her last visit to the home land; for preachers, pastors and evangelists must look to her alone for their theological training. Long hours are spent in settling vexed points of doctrine; and behind closed doors at the mission house instructions are anxiously given and gravely received in pulpit exercises, marriage ceremonies, sermons and ordinances.

¶ So a long procession of anxious inquirers and joyous converts, with many times a yellow robe among their

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number, is steadily marching on; for despite the fact that the dacoits who throng that region have offered ten thousand rupees for her head, by ox cart and native boat, in the hut and by the wayside, in growing church and mission house, a joyful soul with a cheery laugh is scattering all obstacles as she goes.





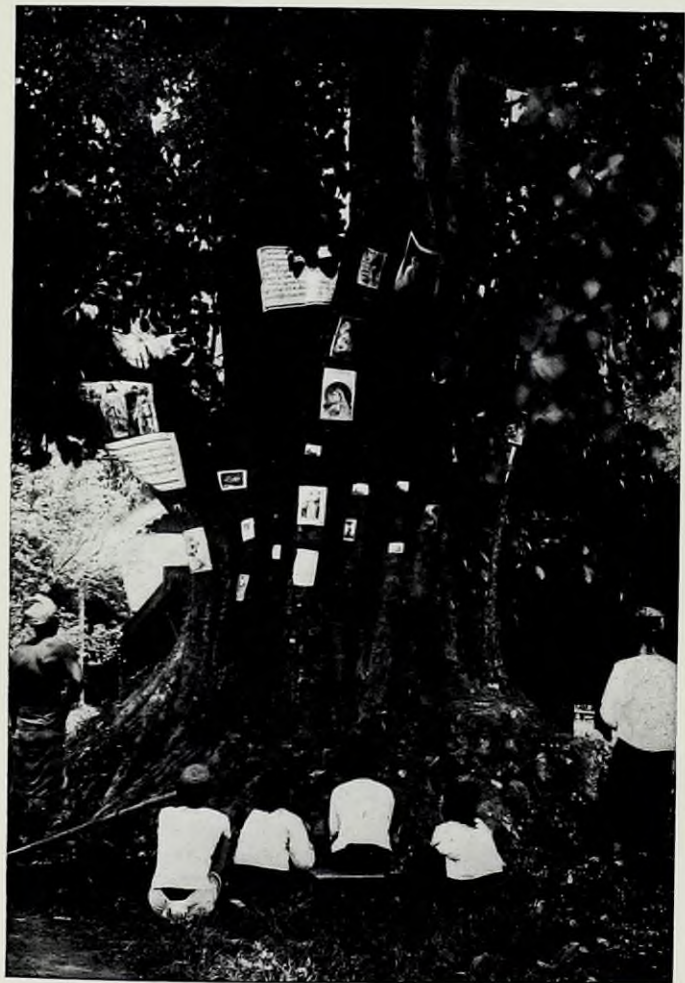
## Part Four

Thine, with each day begun,  
Thine, with each set of sun,  
Thine, till my work is done.

— *Anna Warner.*







THE BANYAN TREE



HERE the blind priest stood at the entrance to his monastery, telling his beads in the sunshine long years ago, the "great mamma" stands this morning on the wide veranda of the mission house. The years, like the beads of the rosary, have been slipping away, and have left the gay young girl, with dancing eyes, full fifty years behind; yet never a sparkle have they stolen from those eyes, nor ray of sunshine from heart or face; and the restless curls are dancing still, while the merry laugh is true and sweet.

¶ What a rare and wonderful woman is this, keeping the joy and freshness of youth through all the years, and by the winning power of love and laughter, combined with marvelous tact, leading a mighty army from the ranks of heathenism into the joy of God!

¶ Transformations there are all along the line, and in front of the mission house we see the one-time heathen banyan tree no longer the dwelling of evil spirits, but beautiful in life and purpose.

¶ To all who stop to rest awhile beneath its branches, the converted banyan tree has a wonderful story to tell. Up and down and all about its mighty trunk it flings its

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banners out. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," it announces to the heathen passing by.

¶ "God is love," it calls after a wrinkled old woman who many a time in the past has laid her offering at its feet.

¶ "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," it says to the young man in the grass below.

¶ Advertisements and pictures in plenty it has to attract to its side those for whom it has a deeper message.

¶ For years the converted banyan tree has looked down upon a great dog standing ready and alert, though chained to his post.

¶ "Come in," his mistress calls to the little party lingering at the stile to look at him. "Come in, and see my dog."

¶ Fearful, yet anxious, they draw a little nearer, and then to their chagrin discover it is only a dog of bronze after all.

¶ "Why do you keep him?" they ask.

¶ "Is he not a good protector from thieves?" she innocently inquires.

¶ With an amused smile they shake their heads.

¶ "Ah, but he has eyes and ears," she insists.

¶ "Still he can neither see nor hear," they argue.

¶ "That is true; with eyes and ears he cannot see nor guard me. Can the idols you call gods do more?"

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Has consecration ever increased their power?" And while they ponder over this matter she brings them a doll.

¶ "Can your idols open and shut their eyes, and can they speak?" she asks.

¶ "Of course not," they reply, and the doll is made to sleep and waken at her word, and answer when she speaks.

¶ "To think," she says reflectively, "that my little toy can do more than your gods."

¶ One little group brings another to see the dog, and doll, and the woolly lamb that says "baa!" and listen to the wise and convincing words of the "mamma."

¶ Down in the market place one comes upon a stall bright with pictures preaching sermons in the scenes they illustrate. On the square pillar in the center, that supports the market roof, hangs a calendar for the convenience of busy market people, and he who pauses to find the date, perchance will read the motto opposite, "God is our refuge," and pause to study the pictures on the wall. Possibly he will buy a tract of the preacher and listen while he reads. At least he cannot refuse the leaflet which is so courteously offered.

¶ Native boats and ox carts no longer bring the traveler from Rangoon, since by train one can accomplish in a few hours that which once took days. But with the new and better service there comes to the "great mamma" other opportunities. Fresh improvements bring fresh

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vices in their train. Here was found chance for loving service among the railroad employees.

¶ Up and down the length of that road went one busy missionary establishing libraries and reading rooms all along the way.

¶ In the literature distributed among the men upon the trains, whether gospel invitation or timely temperance pledge, it was always "one clear call" to better living.

¶ The bright-eyed children in the jungle school of those early days, when books and scholars both were scarce, have long since slipped aside to make room for their children and grandchildren, and under the care of that faithful friend and long-time companion, Miss Evans, the early beginning has developed into a far-reaching influence, and a power in all that region.

¶ Strange scenes the banyan tree has witnessed, standing guard by the mission house.

¶ Hundreds of sick and suffering it has watched pass through the stile for comfort and relief. "She will help you," it whispers among its leaves, "for she is doctor and nurse."

¶ Up the lane comes the man with a grievance to relate. At the sign of the banyan tree he finds both lawyer and judge in the wisdom of "Mamma Ingalls."

¶ Others, burdened with sin, are wearily mounting the steps. "Go in, go in," says the banyan tree; "she is waiting for you, for you she came."

¶ Struggling in the darkness, more than a hundred priests

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have sought her aid, and cast their yellow robes aside. "She stands in the light," says the banyan tree; "she will show you the way."

¶ It knows her for a theological professor to preacher and pastor, and for the bishop, wise and good, to the little churches in the jungle.

¶ "A philanthropist, too," it says, watching while she sorts and packs papers, magazines, and books for libraries and reading rooms.

¶ It has seen her hold some sorrowing sister close in her arms while they mingled their tears.

¶ It has watched while she welcomed men and women of high degree with the same sweet courtesy, and no more, than was shown the girl for whom she is planning a patchwork quilt to gladden a Christian home.

¶ Standing there through all the years, once a shrine for heathen worshipers in the heart of the savage jungle, it has watched the seed sown by the hand of one brave woman through the slow stages of a steady growth, developing into a rich fruition.

¶ Up from the heart of the jungle it has seen the passing of many a noble life "in robes of light arrayed."

¶ "When I look back to the beginning," the old tree hears her say, "it seems a long time away, but the years have passed so pleasantly that there are no pent-up tears and sighs; and life seems just as joyous as when I was numbered among the young."

¶ Still the banyan tree is standing, preaching sermons by

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the wayside ; but up from the joys of service, up to her rich reward, went the happy soul who could no longer wait. And a great company received her on the other side, and bore her in triumph to their King, and we think we hear them say, "Lord, this is Mamma Ingalls, who first told us of thee !"





# An Appreciation

Gressa Lowe George





MET Mrs. Ingalls for the first time in the autumn of 1870. The annual convention was to be held in Toungoo. The journey must be made by Burman boat, and it would take some ten or twelve days. About twenty missionaries were planning to attend the meeting, parties of four or five going in each boat. Our party consisted of Mrs. Ingalls, Miss Rosa Adams, Mr. Arthur Crawley, Mr. George and myself. I had been in Burma three months, and it seemed to me I had heard little but praises of Mrs. Ingalls. Inwardly I began to doubt these praises. It seemed impossible that one brain or will could accomplish all the things that were credited to Mrs. Ingalls; but later when I met her, the words of the Queen of Sheba floated through my penitent mind, and I could truly say: "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and, behold, the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard."

¶ Such crowded quarters as we five had in that little Burman boat! but every hour was packed full of inter-

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esting things. Mrs. Ingalls was the star and the leader of the company. Her twenty-two years of service in Burma made her seem a veteran to me, and yet that was over thirty years ago. From the first she took me into her motherly heart. I was young and inexperienced, and those days were full of practical suggestions, so tactfully given that I was unconscious I was being helped or uplifted for future service. She nicknamed me Charity, and has always continued to call me by that name. I watched her constantly all those days to see wherein her charm and power lay. I thought then, as I think now, after thirty years of loving, intimate friendship, that the passion to win souls was the governing motive of her life. The love of Christ constrained her.

¶ Our trip to Toungoo furnished me with many illustrations of Mrs. Ingalls' methods of work among the heathen. Our boats were slowly poled up the stream in daylight. At night our boat was tied up near some Burman or Karen village. We would all go ashore to rest our cramped limbs, and those who could speak the language of the people would seek opportunities to tell the old, old story. In every village the result was the same; before many minutes a crowd would be attracted to Mrs. Ingalls as if by magic. Her most brilliant sallies and charming smiles were thrown on the gathering crowd, and then by a few swift turns of thought she had swept them around to the message of good news which she had for them. I understood very little Burmese then, but I

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could easily follow the effect of her words. First, the delight that a white-faced woman could speak their language so fluently secured eager attention to hear what she was saying. Then that charmed curiosity giving place to the idea that this woman had something which brought joy and peace into her life, and that she wanted them to know about it and enjoy the same blessing. I remember one Burman woman who stood near me listening to news of which she had never even dreamed before: that there was a God who loved women, a God who died for them, and who had prepared a home for them. The woman bent forward eagerly and asked, "What is this God's name?" "Yashu Kayit, Yashu Kayit," she repeated over and over, and then said again, "What a sweet name, Yashu Kayit." I have often wondered if that seed did not fall on good ground. Perhaps that woman may be one of the redeemed who will welcome Mrs. Ingalls into the heavenly mansions prepared for those who love his sweet name and who own him as their Lord. I count those three weeks of intimate companionship with Mrs. Ingalls among the most blessed of my life. A loving friendship was there begun which continued to the day she was taken from us. October 24, 1902, she wrote her last letter to me, and closed with these words, "I do not forget you, beloved."

¶ In 1876 we moved to Zigon, and in 1877 were connected with Rangoon and Thongze by railroad. As soon as the road opened Mrs. Ingalls began to plan

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meetings which would benefit our Christians. The Zigon and Thongze churches formed an association, which met alternately in Thongze and Zigon. What a rallying time it was! Men, women and children, old and young, came; and three whole days were spent in meetings; blessed days of conference, of prayer and praise, of growth in grace and knowledge of Christ. Then there was the mid-year ministerial conference, in which only the teachers and preachers met. Essays were written and read, doctrines discussed. Then we had our Sunday school rallies, where the children recited whole chapters and tested their spiritual knowledge. Mrs. Ingalls was the life and spirit of every plan; yet I never remember hearing her speak in a mixed audience. She certainly followed the text that a woman should keep quiet in the church. How she disposed of the second injunction, "I suffer not a woman to teach," I know not, for better trained teachers were not found in all Burma than hers. Mrs. Ingalls was the theological seminary, president and professors—the faculty all in one for the entire Thongze District. When we remember that this devoted woman voluntarily made a lonely jungle village her home,—a home which was five long days' travel from all the comforts of life, five days distant from doctor or friend,—we catch a faint vision of her courage and of the love of soul-winning which moved her. During these lonely years converts were gathered, churches formed, schools established, a mission station founded

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which compared favorably with the best of our old stations, and was infinitely in advance of many others. One woman's work! A woman called of God to do mighty things for him. We find to-day in Thongze a strong church of men and women, who are true lights amid the darkness of that center of Buddhism. We see men trained to be pastors, preachers, evangelists, teachers; women trained to be home makers, good mothers, also to be Bible women and school teachers; and all the church members trained to give freely and heartily to the Lord's work. We find a sentiment of pureness and morality permeating the whole township. In Mrs. Ingalls' teaching, godliness and cleanliness went hand in hand. No Christians in all Burma looked as neat as Mrs. Ingalls' people. It was an inspiring sight to attend a Sunday service in Thongze. There was an enthusiasm and alertness not often found. The two classes in Burma apt to be neglected by the missionaries are priests and children. The priests are so proud and offensive that they are left alone. Children sometimes are considered too young or unimportant. Mrs. Ingalls gave much time to both classes, and more priests have been won from Buddhism by Mrs. Ingalls than by all the other missionaries combined. Her tactful methods, her keen wit, her loving heart, never appeared to better advantage than when she approached those mystical, self-centered "phongyes."

¶ I have seen her gather admiring groups of half-naked

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children, boys and girls, and in a few bright sentences sow seed in those young minds concerning idol worship which I am sure must always influence their lives and make them respect our religion. The same motive ran through every action, to win souls to Christ. It was the same when here in America twelve years ago; elevator boy, cabman, shop girl, each had the message of love.

¶ During those first years in Burma I never saw her weary or discouraged. I often wondered if she ever slept. The last voice to be heard at night, the first in the morning, was hers. Every day and all the days filled to the brim with loving service for her Master. Yet any attempt to bring Mrs. Ingalls or her work to you seems a vain effort. Eternity alone will reveal the thousands influenced by her words and life. She has told the story of Christ before queens and princes, yet she was just as ready to plead with the lowest coolie woman. Then she was such a loving friend—true, wise in counsel, helpful in trouble. Earth seems very poor without her, but she has entered into the fullness of joy, and we rejoice over that victorious life and death, and stir up our hearts to give to the world our best, whole-hearted service.



